

RATES OF ADVERTISING:
One column, one year, \$75.00
Half column, 40.00
One fourth column, 25.00
One square, one year, 5.00
One square, three weeks, 1.50
Less notices at 15 cents per line for three weeks.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
In advance, \$1.50
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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
BRADFORD, VT.

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paid to Female diseases and diseases of the
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First door south of Richardson's Store.

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Flour, Grain, Meal,

Providence, Shells, and Eggs. Mills at South
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Flour made from Winter and Spring wheat,
Black Wheat Flour, Corn Meal, Potatoes,
and Shorts, all of which will be sold at the
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Rooms over Shepherdson & Davis Store.
Office Hours—From 7 to 9 A. M.; 1 to 2 to Land
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MANUFACTURER OF
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see thoroughly, at reasonable rates, and on
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Assembly Building, and corner of Armory and
Main St. N. 1000 ft.

BRADFORD, VERMONT.

E. H. MARDIN,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
BRADFORD, VERMONT.

Office over Talbot's Store. 151

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TAILOR,
BRADFORD, VERMONT.

Rooms in Hardy's Building, in East of S. I.
George's Store.

ROSWELL FARNHAM,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
Plaster and Solicitor in Chancery, and Probate
and Civil Agent.
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ELIAS BEISS,
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CROWELL HATCH,
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Shop in Hardy's Building, first door up stairs.

J. A. HARDY,
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PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER,
Store in No. 1 Hardy's Building.

W. G. HARDY,
(Assisted by J. A. Hardy.)
WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELER,
BRADFORD, VERMONT.

Dealer in Watches, Clocks and Jewelry, Gold,
Silver, Plated and Britannia Ware, Fine Pocket
and Table Cutlery, Spectacles, Revolvers and
Yankee Notions, Clocks, Watches and Jew-
elry, and all kinds of goods. Prompt
attention to orders by Express or Mail. No. 1,
Hardy's Building.

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DR. J. N. CLARK,
OF BRADFORD, VERMONT.

Would respectfully announce to all persons
requiring the services of a Dentist, that he is
prepared to perform all operations pertaining
to the profession in accordance with the latest
improvements in the science.
Office formerly occupied by Dr. A. M. Mow-
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Also, dealer in Paints, Oils, Varnishes, and
Paint Stock of every description. Put-
ting Frames, Mouldings and Glass.

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(Near of Trotter House.)
By OSCAR CARLTON.

Parties furnished with
Single or Double Teams,
at short notice, and at
REASONABLE PRICES.

Arranges in readiness at the depot upon the
arrival of the train.
Bradford, Jan. 15, 1887.

NATIONAL OPINION.

VOLUME 3. BRADFORD, VERMONT, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1868. NUMBER 29.

AT HARDY'S

From Hours at Home for December.
Hobbies.

BY REV. T. DEWITT TALMADGE.

We all ride something. It is fol-
ly to expect us always to be walk-
ing. The cheapest thing to ride is
a hobby. It eats no oats, it demands
no groom, it breaks no traces, it re-
quires no shoeing. Moreover, it is
safest: the boisterous outbreak of
children's fun does not startle it; it
three babies astride it at once do
not make it skittish. If, perchance,
on some brisk morning it throw its
rider, it will stand still till he climbs
the saddle. For eight years we
have had one tramping the nursery,
and yet no accident; though mean-
while his eye has been knocked out
and his tail dislocated.

When we get old enough to leave
the nursery we jump astride some
philosophic, metaphysical, literary,
political or theological hobby. Par-
son Brownlow's hobby is the hang-
ing of rebels; John C. Calhoun's,
South Carolina; Wendell Phillips's,
the right of the negro; Daniel
Webster's, the Constitution; Wheel-
er's, the sewing machine; Doctor
Windship's, gymnastics. For sad-
dle, a book; for spur, a pen; for
whip, the lash of public opinion;
for racecourse, platform, pulpit,
newspaper-office, and senate cham-
ber. Goodbody's hobby is made out
of India rubber. Peter Cooper's out
of glue, Townsend's out of sarsapar-
illa bottles, Heenan's out of bat-
tered noses. De Witt Clinton rode
his up the ditch of the Erie Canal,
Cyrus Field, under the sea, John P.
Jackson down the railroad from
Amboy to Camden; indeed, the
men of mark and the men of worth
have all had their hobby, great or
small. The philosophy is plain.—
Men think a great while upon one
topic, and its importance increases
till it absorbs everything else, and,
impelled by this high appreciation
of their theory, they go on to words
and deeds. We have no objection
to hobbies, but we contend that
there are times and places when
and where they should not be rid-
den. A few specifications.

We have friends who are allopath-
ists, homoeopaths, Thompsonians,
and eclectics. We have no more
prejudices against one school than
the other. Let them each set up
their theories. One of them, about
five years ago became a homoeo-
pathist. All right! But since
then she has been able to talk of
nothing else. She insists on our
taking the pellets. We say, "We
feel somewhat tired to-night," she
exclaims, "belladonna!" We suggest
that the apple-dumpling did not
agree with us, and she proposes
"chamomilla." When she walks I
seem to hear the rattling pellets.
Discovering my prejudice against
pellets, she insists on my taking it
in powder. I tell her that ever since
my chaplaincy in the army I have
been afraid of powder. She says I
will rue it when too late. Perhaps
I may, but I cannot stand these
large doses of homoeopathy. I had
rather be led at once and have
done with it, than be everlastingly
with pellets. She talks it day and
night. Her Sabbath is only a sanc-
tified homoeopathy. She prefers
theology in very small doses. Her
hope of the reformation of society is
in the fact that ministers themselves
are sinners—"similes in similibus curan-
tur." She thinks it easier for a
camel to go through the eye of a
needle than for old school doctors to
enter into the kingdom of heaven.
Alas! how much calumel and japa-
ney they will have to answer for! How
will they dare to meet on the other
shore the multitudes that they let
slip before their time when they
might with a few pellets have bribed
Charon to keep them on this side
of Acheron and Styx. She reads to
us 2d Chron. xvi. 12, 13, "Asa
sought to the physicians, and slept
with his fathers." You see they
killed him! She considers herself
a missionary to go out into the high-
ways and hedges of allopathy and
eclecticism to compel them to come
in. She is an estimable lady. We
always like to have her come to our
house. She is more interested in
your health than any one you would
find in all the hard-hearted crew of
allopathy. But five years ago she
got a side-saddle, threw it on the
back of a hobby, and has been rid-
ing ever since—tramp, tramp, tramp
—round the parlor, through the hall,
up the stairs, down the cellar, along
the street, through the church; and
I fear that in her last "will and
testament" she will have nothing to
leave the world but a medicine chest,
well worn copies of Hahnemann's
"Chronic Diseases," and "John's
Manual," and directions as to how
many powders are to be put in the
tumblers, with the specific charge
to have the spoons clean and not
mix the medicines.

We notice that many have a ma-
nia for talking of their ailments.—
One question about their health will
tilt over on you the great reservoir
of their complaints. They have told
the story so often that they can
slide through the whole scale from
C above to C below. For fifty
years their spine has been at a dis-
count, and they never were any
better of neuralgia till they took

the rheumatism. At first you feel
sympathy for the invalid; but after
while the story touches the ludi-
crous. They tell you that they feel
so faint in the morning, and have
such poor appetite at noon, and can-
not sleep nights and have twitches
in their side, and lumbago in their
back, and swelling in their feet, and
ringing in their ears, and little dots
floating before their eyes; and
have taken ammoniacum, tincture
of cantharides, hydragogue julep,
antelmintic powder, golden syrup
of antimony, leaves of scordium,
and, indeed all hepatics, carminat-
ives, antifebriles, antiscorbutics,
ophtalmics, antrithics, stomachics,
splanchnics; they have gargled
their throats with sal ammoniac,
and bathed their back with sapon-
aceous liniment, and worn discom-
forting cataplasms. That very moment
they are chewing chamomile flowers
to settle their stomachs, and excuse
themselves for a moment to take off
a mustard plaster that begins to
blister. They come back to ex-
press the fear that the swelling on
their arm will be an abscess, or their
headache turn to brain fever. They
shake out from their handkerchief
delicate odors of valerian and assa-
fetida. They are the harvest of
druggists and the amazement of
physicians, who no sooner clear the
pain from one spot than it appears
in another. If one joint loses the
pang another joint gets it, and the
patient having long ago resolved
never again to be well, it is only a
question between membrane and
midriff.

At times we should talk over our
distresses and seek sympathy, but
perpetual discourse on such themes
wears out the patience of our friends.
You always see the young people
run from the gloaming valetudinari-
an; and the minister fails in his
condolence, for why speak of the
patience of Job to one who says that
heals are nothing to his distresses.
The hobby he rides is wounded and
scabbied and torn with all the dis-
eases mentioned in farrery, gland-
ers, letts, foot-rot, spavin, ring-
bone, and king's evil. Incurable
nags are taken out on the commons
and killed, but this poor hobby jogs
on with no hope on the other side
of the Red Sea of joining Pharaoh's
horses. The more it limps, and the
harder it breathes, the further they
ride.

We next refer to reformatory hob-
bies. We believe in the doctrines
of teetotalism. In a glass of ice
water, our only beverage, we drink
to the success of that cause. We
advocate the Maine law. In all ap-
propriate times and places we are
ready to fight drunkenness. It has
dug its trench across the land and
filled it with the best blood of the
nation. But some of our friends
have been turned into temperance
monomaniacs. They would have
temperance cars, and temperance
stages, and temperance steamboats,
none to ride in them but teetotals.
They have actually proposed milk
to take the place of wine at the sac-
rament. They would make the tak-
ing of the pledge a pre-requisite of
church membership. They have no
money for the man who has cham-
pagne on his table. They would let
a man die of typhoid, before they
would give him a drop of Burgundy.
They have dived upon the one evil
till all others are submerged and got
gotten. They have horrid night
mares of demijohn and decanter.
They talk as though, if a man clear
of the whiskey cask, he was safe
for heaven; forgetful of the fact
that the only decent thing about
thousands of men is that they do
not drink. They would do that if
they were not too stingy. We knew
a man who, to save expense,
wheeled his wife to the grave on a
wheelbarrow. He never drank.
We caught a man stealing water-
melons from our patch. He was a
teetotaler. It would have been well
for us if he had disliked melons as
much as he did whiskey. We have
found strong advocates for absten-
ence in Mowmanism prison.

So we find anti-teetotalists on
their hobby. They can tell you how
many miles of pigtail have been
chewed in the last century, and how
many navies would be borne up by
the saliva if the Atlantic ocean em-
ptied of its water, could become the
spittoon of the nation. We admit
that it is not pleasant to sit in a
coach or car with a chewer between
us and the wind, and the wind blow-
ing toward us. It is as disagreeable
as preaching with a cold in your
head and no pocket handkerchief.

We neither smoke nor chew.—
The only odor of the weed in our
house is from the cigars of our
friends who come to see us. And
yet we know of two or three men
who went to heaven, we think, not-
withstanding they were smokers.—
In their last sickness, whenever
they could sit up they took a chew
of tobacco. We have no sympathy
with those who cannot unrinkle
their upper lip for a half hour after
they have caught the breath of a
smoker. There are ladies so shock-
ed by the smoking odors which their
husbands bring from the club-room
that it needs very careful treatment
to avoid hysterics; as sensitive as
the lady, married in mature years,
who persisted in setting her hus-
band's boots outside the door, be-

cause she could not stand the smell
of leather. We would rather have
our nose outraged with a whiff from
an old pipe than our ear deafened
with the clatter of a crazy reformer.
We would not have even the man
who snuffs, and chews, and smokes,
all in the same minute, kicked to
death by the heels of our hobby.—
William H. Seward snuffs. Rufus
Choate took opium. George W.
Bethune smoked. Good Abraham
Van Nest had wine on his table.—
Presidents of colleges have chewed
tobacco. And I expect that after
we have been gone so long that our
resting place shall be as completely
unknown as that of Moses, many
will get to heaven who have not
thought just as we do. We will
never turn people into the right way
by riding over them with our hobby.

We take a step farther, and look
at some of our theological hobbies.
This is the only kind of horses that
ministers can afford to own, and you
ought not to be surprised if some-
times in this way they take an air-
ing. We have had some troubles of
late in the fact that in these days
of brotherhood, Old School and New
School got astride of the same hob-
by, and one fell off before, and the
other fell off behind. There was not
room enough for so many between
mane and tail. It is well to remem-
ber that hobbies sometimes kick,
and that theologians, like other
people, are vulnerable.

How apt we are to get a religious
theory, and ride it up hill and down,
and expect that all the armed cav-
alry of the church shall make way
for our hobby! There are theo-
logians who spend their time in try-
ing to drown Baptists, thinking it a
great waste to have so much water
and not use it for some decisive pur-
pose. Others would like to upset
the anxious bench of the Methodists,
and throw them on their faces, so
that they would make less noise.—
Others would like nothing better
than to rip a hole in the surplus of
Episcopacy. Others take the doc-
trine of election for their favorite
theory, and ride, and ride, till they
find themselves elected to leave the
settlement. Others harp on the
"perseverance of the saints," till they
are unburied by the perseverance of
sinners. And this good man de-
votes himself to proving that in
fact he had fallen clear out of their
acquaintance.

This ecclesiastic gives his time to
controversy, and his matin and ves-
per are, "Blessed be the Lord, who
teacheth my hands to war and my
fingers to fight." Such persons were
sound asleep that Christmas night
when the angel sang till to the hills,
"Peace on earth, good will to men."
We have been watching for the
horns to come out on their forehead.
They are the rams and the he-goats.
They feel that they were appointed
from eternity to stick somebody, and
they beat Samson in the number of
Philistines they slay with the same
weapon. They go to the Bible as
foemen to Springfield Armory or
Troy Arsenal, demanding so many
swords, rifles, and columbiads. They
were made in the same mould as
Morrissey, the pugilist, and should
long ago have been sent to Congress.
Like Nebuchadnezzar, they have
claws, and like him, ought to go to
grass. In the day when the lamb
and the lion lie down together, we
fear these men will be out with a
pole trying to stir up the animals.

Here are brethren who devote
themselves to the explaining of the
unexplainable parts of the Scripture.
Jonah's whale comes just in time to
yield them whole barrels of blubber.
They can explain why it was that
Jonah was not digested by the whale.
The gastric juice having no power
to act upon a living body, it did not
dissolve the fibrine or coagulated
albumen into chyme, and conse-
quently it could not pass the pyloric
orifice of the stomach. Beside, this
was an intelligent whale, and prob-
ably knew that he had swallowed a
minister who had a call to Nineveh,
and never had any intention of turn-
ing him into whale, but rather to
prepare him for that class of minis-
ters who are lachrymose, and on all
occasions disposed to blubber. We
have heard men explain this miracle
by natural laws until we felt our-
selves attacked by the same sickness
that disturbed the leviathan of the
Mediterranean when he suddenly
graduated the prophet; and we feel
sure that, in an unguarded mo-
ment, we had swallowed a Jonah, he
would have had good prospects of
speedy deliverance.

Our expounder must also explain
the ass that spoke to Balaam. The
probability is that the animal had
originally been endowed with pow-
ers of vocalization, but being of a
lithargic temperament, had never
until that day found sufficient in-
ducement to express himself; the
probability being that this animal
always retained the faculty of speech
and was married, and that he has a
long line of descendants, who still,
like the one of the Scriptures, are
disposed to criticize ministers.

Here is another brother who de-
votes forty Sundays of the year to
the Apocalypse. He has put his lip
to all the trumpets and examined
all the vials. He understands them
all. He reads the history of the
present day in Revelation, and finds

there Louis Napoleon, Bismark,
Abraham Lincoln, and Gen. Grant.
With others the continuous theme
is ventilation. We have wrecked
too many sermons and lectures on
ill-ventilated audience rooms not to
understand the value of pure air.
We have more veneration for every
other antiquity than for stale air.
Atmosphere that has been bottled
up for weeks is not quite equal to
"Balm of Thousand Flowers." Give
us an old log across the stream to
sit on, rather than an arm chair in
the parlor that is opened chiefly on
Christmas and thanksgiving days.
While waiting for this year's turkey
to get browned, we do not want to
smell last year's. There are church
basements so foul that we think
some of those who frequent them
for devotion get sooner to the end
of their earthly troubles than they
would if there were less dampness
in the walls; some of them suffering
from what they suppose to be too
much religion, when it is nothing
but wind-colic. Still we may put too
long a stress upon ventilation.
Here is a man who sits with the
doors open, and while your teeth
are chattering with cold, descants
on the bracing weather. He sleeps
with his windows up with the ther-
mometer below zero. His prescrip-
tion for all the world's diseases is
fresh air. And if the case be chronic,
and stubborn, and yields not to the
first course of treatment, then—
more fresh air. If the patient die
under the process, the adviser will
say, "This confirms my theory! Don't you see the difficulty? His
only want was capacity to take in
the air!"

Pride of ancestry is with others
the chief mania. Now we believe
in royal blood. It is a grand thing
to have the right kind of kindred.
There is but little chance for one
badly born. If we belonged to
some families that we know of, we
would be tempted at once to give
ourselves up to the police. But
while far from despising family
blood, we deplore the fact that so
many depend entirely upon heral-
dry. They have not been in your
company a minute before they begin
to tell you who their father was and
their mother. The greatest honor
that ever happened to them was that
of having been born. It is a con-
fession of all that is in them, and
that he had fallen clear out of their
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the Apocalypse. He has put his lip
to all the trumpets and examined
all the vials. He understands them
all. He reads the history of the
present day in Revelation, and finds

would be healed if they would take
our medicine. The only thing need-
ed to make this world what it ought
to be, is a new pavement on our
sidewalk. If Ulysses gets into the
White House we shall have the mil-
lennium. The nations are safe as
soon as we can bring to an end the
expectations of tobacco juice.
All that we can see of anything is
between the leather pricked-up ears
of our hobby.

This frantic urging on of our pet
notion will come to naught. Our
prancing charger will sink down
with lathered flanks and we be
passed on the road by some Scotch
Presbyterian, astride a plain draft
horse that has been pasturing in
the field next to the kirk, fogging
along at an easy pace, knowing it
has been elected that he is to reach
the kingdom.

Brother! Let us take a palm-leaf
cool off! Let your hobby rest. If
it will not otherwise stop, tie it for
a few days to the white-washed
escarpment of modern conservatism. Do
not hurry things too much. If that
world should be saved next week
it would spoil some of our profe-
sions. Do not let us do up things
too quick. This world is too big a
ship for us to guide. I know from
the way she swings from harbor to
starboard that there is a strong
hand at the helm. Be patient.
God's clock strikes but once or twice
in a thousand years; but the wheels
all the while keep turning. Over
the caravansary of Bethlehem,
with silver tongue, it struck ONE.
Over the University of Erfurt, Luther
heard it strike NINE. In the
rockings of the present century it
has sounded ELEVEN. Thank God!
It will strike TWELVE!

HER OWN CALL.—The Baldwins-
ville Gazette relates the following in-
cident:

Henry Marvin, of this village, is
widely known as one of the best
antiquaries in the county. It seems
that a few days since he was called
upon to exercise his vocation at a
place near Onondaga Hill. Among
the articles to be sold was a heifer,
very attractive in appearance, and
consequently our friend Marvin
dwelt extensively on the many excel-
lences in the customary verbiage
of an experienced auctioneer,
winding up his eloquent description
with the flourish that she was as
"gentle as a lamb." Thereupon, a
long, shag-sided countryman who
had listened open-mouthed to the
wordy display of our friend Marvin,
whose legs were a foot longer than
his pants, approached the heifer,
and commenced handling her teats.
"Bossy, not rebelling such farial
fartity, lifted her hoofs, and laid
"Greeny" sprawling some 10 feet off.
"Where?" said Henry, "she shows
allow a strange calf to come near
her!"

Greeny meanwhile picked himself
up and gave his bushy pate a harrow-
ing scratch, exclaiming:

"No wonder she won't, when her
own calf has been blaring around
her all day!"

A huge roar broke from the crowd,
and our neighbor Marvin gracefully
"gave in."

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